

TO GET A PLAY PRODUCED

By LOUIS GORHAN

Green wrote plays—good plays and he knew it, but that was not making the managers know it.

He had never had a play produced, but he had tried in every conceivable way. He had tried for seven years—years full of disappointment and hope deferred. Yet he kept on trying.

You see the acceptance of a play by an unknown playwright is all a matter of luck. It depends very little on the merit of the play. Now Green knew this—he had not been mixing up with theatrical conditions for seven years for nothing. There wasn't much about the game that he didn't know.

"But damn it," he thought, "why can't I get next to that sort of luck?" The week before he had shaped one of his heroines to fit a popular young actress and had taken the play to Mr. Daskin, her manager. This afternoon he had got it back. Green knew Daskin's critical advice had been only a lot of hot air, but it had depressed him nevertheless.

He was sitting alone now in a bright cafe just off Times Square. It was after the theater and the place was crowded. His rejected play was still in his pocket. He had not been home yet.

As he sat waiting for his food he thought over the last months of all his schemes and rushes to get a hearing. And what had been the result? Absolutely nothing.

"If I could only do something strange—become talked about—I bet my plays would be on Broadway in less than six weeks," he muttered.

And he began casting about in his mind for something "strange" to do. "I might kill a man, but I might get hanged, too," he mused.

He thought for a time and gazed about him. Then he got up. His face showed that he was determined on something.

He walked slowly, but deliberately, over to a table where sat a beautiful woman. She was alone. He came nearer and nearer. The woman looked up. She seemed to realize something was about to happen, but Green's eyes fascinated her. The room was strangely hushed and the gaze of many was turned in their direction.

Green was now beside her. He leaned over and, in perfectly cold blood, kissed her. She sprang up and glared at him, then screamed.

The room was in an uproar. A man rushed through the crowd.

"What is it, Louie?" he cried. "It was Daskin, the manager!"

"He—he—this brute," she cried, pointing to Green, "insulted me!"

Daskin started for Green.

"She's my wife," he blurted. He aimed an ugly blow at Green's head, but the latter was too quick. He was a small man, but tremendously active. Like a flash he ducked—was in under the manager's guard and held up his fists.

The crowd rushed between. The men were dragged apart. The woman screamed and fainted. In the confusion that followed Green contrived to slip away. He had got out into the hall when he heard a quick step behind him.

It was a little man, quick and definite in manner.

"You are Mr. Green?" he said. Green assented.

"You don't remember me—I'm Black—Mr. Palmer introduced us."

"Yes, I remember you," said Green, and his manner became cordial.

"I saw the fracas," the other went on, "and if you'll take a friend's advice you will come in here with me for a few minutes until the excitement blows over."

While he was speaking he pushed open a door into a little private dining room now vacant. Green followed him in.

"Take a cigar," Black said, seating himself.

Green was rather dazed, but did as he was told.

"It was rather clever," pursued Black, "the way you slipped off."

waiting. At the table sat Mr. Daskin and the lady.

"What is it, Black?" the manager asked. "My wife," he added. "Sit down."

Black drew up a chair.

"I hardly know how to begin," he said.

"Then it is the first time I ever saw you when you didn't," rejoined the manager.

"Have some coffee with us, Mr. Black," suggested Mrs. Daskin.

She had a nice voice and seemed very much a lady. Black sized her up at once.

"She is a Methodist," he decided. "A good woman who does on church societies and such like. What's up now? Eh?"

Black allowed himself another dry grin.

"I came in here," Black began, "to talk to Mrs. Daskin. I saw that unfortunate affair in the cafe."

Mrs. Daskin's eyes grew tearful.

"I'm sorry," he went on, "but I think I can keep your name out of the papers if that will be any consolation."

"Can you—will you? Oh! Mr. Black," she almost embraced him.

"I do not promise," Black reminded her, "but I'm pretty sure. And for a reward I ask that you use your influence to soften Mr. Daskin's bad opinion of me."

"By Jove, Black, that's nice of you," said the manager. "Hang it, you are all right!"

Mr. Black bowed. His hand was on the door knob.

"You know, Daskin, that fellow Green who writes plays—ever read any?"

"No," Daskin answered, "but my readers have, and they say they are no good."

"I cannot agree with that," said Black.

He was leaning over the back of the vacant chair, his manner very unconcerned.

"Of course, Green is a self-willed, passionate man, and it shows in his work, but his plays are the real stuff. I was just thinking that if this kissing affair had happened to some other than your wife, we could use it as an 'ad' and rush on one of his plays. There would be money made, and big money, too!"

Daskin was interested at once.

"Sit down, Black," he said. "I believe there is money in it whether the plays are good or not. Why can't we work it somehow?"

"See here, Daskin, if you gave the story to the papers that the woman you were out with was not your wife—just another woman—that would be all right and save Mrs. Daskin entirely."

"Of course, you could not be the nominal producer," Black continued.

"There was a pause. Both men were thinking hard. It was Mrs. Daskin that broke the silence."

"Go on, use my name," she said with the tone of finality. "It is better than having the story get out that my husband was dining with some awful woman. But you promised me to keep it all quiet, Mr. Black; you know you did," she added.

"And so I will if Mr. Daskin says so," he replied.

The manager ignored this last remark.

"Can you get hold of a play of Green's tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, I can and be back in fifteen minutes," Black replied, for he knew the danger of delay.

"Get it," commanded Daskin. "I'll wait here."

MINISTERS COST LESS THAN AUTOS

World Survey Figures Reveal How Bad v United States Is Paying Its Pastors.

MANY LIVING ON \$600 A YEAR

One of the Aims of Present Protestant Cooperation is to End Disgrace of Underpaid Minister—Pensions Also to Be Provided.

What are the chances of a young man who intends to be a lawyer of making \$3,000 a year? What are the doctor's chances? What of the minister or the manufacturer?

The lawyer has exactly one chance in five. The doctor's chances are one in seven. It is ten to one against the manufacturer. The minister, however, who formerly ranked with the doctor and lawyer as a member of the "learned professions," has fallen hopelessly behind. He is a 100 to 1 shot.

These figures are part of a mass of astonishing facts brought to light by the world survey being made by the Interchurch World Movement and whose sources of information are such that many economists and statisticians are availing themselves of the results. This survey puts America's minister at the bottom of the ladder of the nation's income receivers—and with responsibilities which equal those of any captain of industry.

A worker in a silk mill, a laborer in a rubber plant, a paper maker, a worker in a shoe factory—all are getting higher average wages, the survey shows, than does America's minister, city or country. Nor does the city man receive the luxurious salary that many persons, including many country pastors, believe he does. Not four ministers in a thousand, according to the survey, receive \$5,000 a year. In no instance, whatever the denomination, does a majority receive \$1,000.

Cotton Pickers Better Off. Are you a Congregationalist? In 2,733 churches he yearly pay to your ministers has been less than \$1,000. Are you a Presbyterian? You are then on the less than \$1,000 list with 4,418 ministers. In the event that you are a Methodist the charge is that 4,719 pastors are trying to exist on the \$20 a week that you pay them. Episcopalians do a little better, yet half of their rectors receive less than the \$1,500 a year which government economists regard as the minimum on which a family can be decently maintained.

The initial cost of the cheapest "silver" on the market is less than \$600, but a very good, conscientious pastor, it is shown, can be hired for a year for that sum.

Ministers in the South are preaching to fifty or more cotton pickers who individually are paid more for picking cotton than their entire neighborhood pays to the preacher in a year.

One of the aims of the present cooperation of the world's Protestant denominations is to end this disgrace of the underpaid minister. With universities, business houses and municipalities daily taking action to provide for the comfort of their workers, the church is to keep pace with the times, and to arrange not only for adequate pay for its workers, but to provide pensions for those no longer able to work.

It is to move the public to prevent unfavorable comparisons of pastors and puddlers. Until then, as for a puddler swapping jobs with a pastor drawing an "ordinary" salary—never! The lowest salary paid to pastors is lower than any wages paid in the entire steel industry.

CHURCHES TO AID LONELY SHEEP SHEARERS OF WEST

The bleat of the sheep on the back bone of the continent calls men to the mountains. On high, plains from the Canadian border to Mexico, in lonely and inaccessible places one of the most romantic examples of the country's migrant worker—the sheep shearer—plies his trade.

Unheard of though he is to thousands of his fellow workers, it was for him that the immigration regulations of three countries—Canada, the United States and Mexico—were modified during the war. This permitted freedom of movement to many hundreds of this strange craft, and the means of employment to thousands in factories and stores.

Yet for all his importance in the ranks of the nation's great Marching Army of the Employed, what sort of life does this man lead? The migrant fruit picker, or wheat harvester, or farmhand, or lumberman often roams inland through cities and the congested spots of civilization. But the sheep shearer, by the nature of his trade, is cut off from such influences.

Through a survey of the nation's migrant labor now being made by the Interchurch World Movement, it is suggested that for men of this class relief may be afforded through churches in outlying districts. For social and other purposes these men, with proper cooperation by church bodies, could make use of many of the facilities without which they are doomed to a life of isolation.

NEW WORLD PROGRAM DEVISED BY CHURCHES

By S. EARL TAYLOR.



DR. S. EARL TAYLOR, General Secretary Interchurch World Movement.

If Christ, on the day He was born, had started on a tour to preach in every village in India, He would still have 30,000 more to visit.

We now believe we have found a way by which the leaders of the Protestant churches can sit around a common table and have the Christian program of the entire world laid before them. By means of the Interchurch World Movement we can see where the Methodists are, and where the Baptists are. We can see the general outline of their forces, their present status in this great world struggle, and may also have some idea of the unoccupied places, and what may be done by all of us to enter these unoccupied parts of the world field which Christ sent us to occupy.

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5 pounds Pure Sorghum, regular 70c, now 60c
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Cash for Hides.

H. E. KREEK & SON

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A 240-ACRE FARM

Located 75 miles west of St. Joseph and 55 miles from Holt County line, between two railroads.

The nearest shipping point two miles, and four miles to the other; good roads; school, one-half mile away.

This farm has 108 acres of wheat in fine condition, 25 acres of Alfalfa, 45 acres of Pasture and 63 acres for Corn. Has a fair five-room house, other improvements nothing extra. The wheat on this farm last year made 20 bushels per acre, and sold from the machine at \$1.98 per bushel.

If you want to buy a BARGAIN on the BEST TERMS you ever heard of see me QUICK, Possession of entire farm given at once,

Yours for Business,

Joe H. Murray

Oregon, Mo.

Get Busy, Boys!

SPRING MILLINERY! OPENING

Friday and Saturday, February 20th and 21st

—featuring the—

NEW SPRING STYLES

—at—

MRS. E. A. NETHERLAND'S

OREGON, MO.

MISS MADGE DODT, of Kansas City, Trimmer

Hobo Now Scorns the Breadline



Survey Made by Interchurch World Movement Shows That Even the Cheap Lodging House is Going Out of Business.

The old "bread line" is gone from its accustomed place in the cities. In the slums throughout the country huddled queues of men no longer wait to be fed. Their passing is a symbol of the passing of the hobo.

Everywhere, for lack of guests, the cheap lodging houses are being abandoned. Only a few old, decrepit men remain in the Salvation Army industrial homes. In Kansas City the once crowded dormitories of the "Helping Hand" building are closed. In Lincoln, Neb., in 1915 there were 1,786 non-resident single men who applied for aid, while in 1918 there were only 182.

The hobo, this wandering wanderer who roams in the logging camps and the bread line, has been seen less and less since the war.

It was but the beginning of a season of success for Green's plays, but she others came without blinking, at least as far as I know.